

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD,

A 1465. c. 33.

S C O T S
P A S T O R A L C O M E D Y.

B Y

A L L A N R A M S A Y. *The Shepherd*

With all the SONGS.

*The GENTLE SHEPHERD sat beside a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy brier,
That COLIN heicht, wha well could pipe and sing:
For he of TITYRUS his song did lere.*

SPENCER, p. 1113.

To which is added,

A HYMN, on SOLITUDE

By Mr THOMSON.

And the fatal BATTLE of FLOWDENHILL,
Fought Anno 1514.

E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for WILLIAM DUNCAN, Bookfeller, Opposite
to the Head of Blackfriars-wynd,
M D C C L X V I I I.

Sir V
PAT
ROG
SYM
GLA
BAU

PEC
JEN
MA
EL
MA

S O

Fin
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Fi



The PERSONS.

M E N.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *the Gentle Shepherd, in Love with Peggy.*

ROGER, *a rich young Shepherd, in Love with Jenny.*

SYMON, } *two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir William.*

GLAUD, }

BAULDY, *a Hynd engaged with Neps.*

W O M E N.

PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's Niece.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only Daughter.*

MAUSE, *an old Woman supposed to be a Witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's Wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE, *a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few Miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action, *within Twenty four Hours.*

First Act begins at Eight in the Morning.

Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.

Third Act begins at Four in the Afternoon.

Fourth Act begins at Nine o'Clock at Night.

Fifth Act begins by Day-light next Morning.

T H E
G E N T L E S H E P H E R D.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

P R O L O G U E *to the* S C E N E.

- Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,
- Where crystal springs their halefome waters yield,
- Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
- Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of *May*.
- Poor Roger granes, 'till hollow echo's ring;
- But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

P A T I E *and* R O G E R.

S A N G I. *Tune, The wawking of the Faulds.*

P A T I E. ' M Y Peggy is a young thing,
' Just enter'd in her teens,

• Fair as the day, and sweet as *May*.

• Fair as the day, and always gay.

• My Peggy is a young thing,

• And I'm not very auld,

• Yet well I like to meet her at

• The wawking of the fauld.

• My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,

• Whene'er we meet alane,

• I wish nae mair to lay my care,

• I wish nae mair of a' that's rare,

• My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,

• To a' the lave I'm cauld;

• But she gars a' my spirits glow

• At wawking of the fauld.

My

' My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 ' Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 ' That I look down upon a crown.
 ' My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 ' It makes me blyth and bauld,
 ' And naething gi'es me sic delight,
 ' As wawking of the fauld.
 ' My Peggy sings sae fastly,
 ' When on my pipe I play ;
 ' By a' the rest it is confest,
 ' By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 ' My Peggy sings sae fastly,
 ' And in her sangs are tald,
 ' With innocence, the wale of sense,
 ' At wawking of the fauld.

THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
 And puts all nature in a jovial mood.

How heartsom is't to see the rising plants,
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants ?
 How halefom is't to snuff the cawler air,
 And all the sweets it bears, when void of care.
 What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
 Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate !
 I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great.
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowand flood,
 Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood :
 But I, opprest with never-ending grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

[hive;

Patie. The bees shall loath the flow'r, and quit the
 The faughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,
 Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of warldly gear,
 Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I fay ; but it's no easy done
 By ane whase faul's sae sadly out of tne.

8 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

You have fae faft a voice, and slid a tongue.
 You are the darling of baith auld and young.
 If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
 They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,
 And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
 While I'm confus'd with money a vexing thought:
 Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
 Nor mair unlikely to a las's eye.

For ilka sheep ye have, I'll number ten,
 And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Patie. But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
 And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part:

It that be true, what signifies your gear?
 A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care?

Roger. My byar tumbled, nine brawn nowt were smoor'd,
 Three elf-shot were, yet I these ill endur'd:
 In winter last my cares were very sma',
 Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Patie. Were your bein rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
 Less you wad loise, and less ye wad repine,
 He that has just enough can soundly sleep:
 The o'ercome only fash'es fowk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
 That thou may'st thole the pangs-of mony a loise:
 O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
 That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench:
 'Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!
 And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them ilka clute
 At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
 Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virls round:
 A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound:
 Fill be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool!
 Than ye with all your cash, ye dowie fool.

Roger. Na, *Patie*, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
 Some other thing lies heavier at my breast:
 I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
 That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

Patie.

A Pastoral Comedy.

9

Patie. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' you secrets kens.
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad you hide
Your well seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride:
Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursel.

Roger. Indeed now, *Patie*, ye have guess'd o'er true,
And there is naething I'll keep frae you.
Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint;
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint;
In ilka place she jeers me air or late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unko blate:
But yesterday I met her yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.
Patie. She Bauldy looes, Bauldy that drives the car.
But gecks at me, and say's I smell of tar.

Patie. But Bauldy looes not her, right well I wat,
He sighs for Neps;—sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'dna looe her—but in vain,
I still maun do't, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cure I dearly like,
Even while he fawn'd she strak the poor dumb tyke;
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
With a' her face she shaws a cau'd-ife scorn
Last night I play'd, ye never heard sic spite;
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte:
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin spear'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair

Patie. E'en do sae, *Roger*, wha can help misluck?
Saebins she be sic a thrawin-gabbit chuck,
Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint all hope,
Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp.

Roger. I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill,
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Patie.

10 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Patie. Daft gowk! leave off that silly whinging way;
 Seem carelefs, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
 Hear how I serv'd my la's I love as weel
 As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel.
 Last morning I was gay and early out,
 Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about,
 I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee;
 I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me:
 For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
 And she was close upon me e'er she wist,
 Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw.
 Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek,
 Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
 Her cheeks fae ruddy, and her een fae clear;
 And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
 Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green:
 Blythsome, I cry'd, my bonny Meg, come here,
 I ferly wherefore ye're fae soon alteer:
 But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew:
 Shew scour'd awa', and said, What's that to you?
 Then fare ye well, Meg-Dorts, and e'en's ye like,
 I carelefs cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came with a right thievelefs errand back:
 Miscaw'd me first—then bade me hound my dog,
 To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh; and fae did she; then with great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
 About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very faul came louping to my lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
 But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.

Seem

Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood :
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

S A N G II. *Tune*, Fy gar rub her o'er with Strae.

- ' Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
- ' And answer kindness with a slight,
- ' Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
- ' For women in a man delight ;
- ' But them despise who're soon defeat,
- ' And with a simple face give way
- ' To a repulse——then be not blate,
- ' Push bauldly on, and win the day.
- ' When maidens, innocently young,
- ' Say aften what they never mean ;
- ' Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue ;
- ' But tent the language of their een :
- ' If these agree, and she persist
- ' To answer all your love with hate,
- ' Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
- ' And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

Roger. Kind Patie, now fair fa your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an art
To hearten ane : For now as clean's a leak,
Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll make ye a propine,
(My mother, rest her faul ! she made it fine ;)
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawstock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue :
With sprains like gowd, and filler cross'd with black ;
I never had it yet upon my back.

Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have sae kind
Red up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Patie. Well, hald ye there——and since ye've frank-
A present to me of your braw new plaid, [ly made
My flute's be yours, and she too that's sae nice,
shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Roger. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't ;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't :

Now

12 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD

Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring ;
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

Patie. But first we'll tak a turn up to the heicht,
And see gif all our flocks be feeding right :
Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please.
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they fae wise
To season meat with health, instead of spice.

When we have tane the grace drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my sell. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT I. SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

- ' A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes
- ' Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths,
- ' A trotting burnie whimpling throw the ground,
- ' Its channel peebles, shining smooth and round,
- ' Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear ;
- ' First please your eye, next gratify your ear ;
- ' While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
- ' And Meg with better sense true love defends.

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny. COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
This shining day will bleach our linen clean ;
The water's clear, the list unclouded blew,
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

Peggy. Go farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow :
Between twa birks out-o'er a little lin
The water fa's, and make a singand din :
A pool breast deep, beneath as clear as glafs,
Kisses with easy whirls the bordering grafs.
We'll end our washing, while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash our fells—'tis healthfou' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on fae warm a day.

Jenny

Jenny. Daft lassie, when we're naked what'll ye say,
Gif our twa Herds come brattling down the brae,
and see us sae? that jeering fallow Pate,

Wad taunting say, Haith lasses, ye're no blate,

Peggy. We're far frae ony road, and out of sight;

The lads they're feeding far beyont the height:

But tell me now, dear Jenny, [we're our lane,]

What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain?

The neighbours a' tent this as well as I:

That Roger loo's ye, yet ye care na by.

What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,

He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end,

A Herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.

He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,

With ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug;

Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,

And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.

He falds his owrelay down his breast with care,

and few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair;

For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,

Except, *How d'ye?-----or, There's a bonny day,*

Peggy. Ye dafh the lad with constant slighting pride,

Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:

But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld.

What like's a dorty maiden, when she's auld?

Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,

That for some feckless whim will orp and greet:

The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past

And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,

Or scart aneather's leavings at the last.

S A N G III. Tune, Polwart on the Green.

The dorty will repent,

If lover's heart grow cauld,

And nane her smiles will tent,

Soon as her face looks auld:

B

The

Jenny

14 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

*The dawted bairn thus takes the per,
Nor eats tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave.*

*They jest it till the dinner's past,
Thus by it sell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna fit your time.

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peggy. Nor I---but love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jenny. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsel,
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.

He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?

Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;
The chieks may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peggy. Be doing your ways; for me I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jenny. Heh, la's! how can ye loo that rattle-skull?
A very deel, that ay maun have his will.

We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead, sac soon's ye're man and wife.

Peggy. I'll rin the risk, nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langtome day a year,

'Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.

There he may kiss as lang as kissing's good,
And what we do, there's none dare call it rude.

He's get his will: why no? 'tis good my part
To give him that, and he'll give me his heart.

Jenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days,
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco fraise,
And daut ye baith afore fowk, and your lane:
But soon as his newfangelness is gane,

He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the nieft he'll flyte :
And may be, in his barlichoods ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV. *Tune*, O dear mother, what shall I do

*O dear Peggy loves's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling ;
Better for to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.
Lasses when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd ;
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, frec, and youthfu' joys.*

Peggy. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to-
My lett'd mind ; I'm o'er far gane in love. [move-
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him I dread nae other skaith.
There's nane of a' the Herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.
And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music throw my heart.
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at little fears that fright the lave.
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill,
He is----but what need I say that or this,
I'd spend a month to tell you what he is !
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coofs compar'd with my dear Pate.
His better sense will lang his love secure :
Il nature hefts in fauls that's weak and poor.

SANG V. *Tune*, How can I be sad on my, &c.

*How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than ony of thae*

16 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

*Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools,
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtue, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.*

Jenny. Hey Bony Lads of Brankfome, or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syne whinging getts about your ingle-side,
Yelping for this or that with fasheous din:
To make them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads it fell wi' brue,
Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.
The Deil ga's o'er Jock Wabster: hame grows hell;
When Pate miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yes, it's a heartfom thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise.
Gif I'm fae happy, I shall have delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them tight.
Wow, Jenny! can there greater pleasure be
Than see sic wee tots toolying at you knee;
When a' they ettle at---their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love makes care delight?

Jenny. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw.
There's little love or canty chear can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom:
Your nowt may die---the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay---
The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your weathers, and may rot your ewes.
A dyvour buys your butter woo and cheese,
But or the day of payment breaks and fleets.

With

With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent
'Tis no to gie; your merchant's to the bent.
His honour maunna want, he poinds your gear:
Synè driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
Dear Meg, be wise, and lead a single life:
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

Peggy. May sic ill-luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's requir'd: let Heaven make out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads shoukl a' for wives that's vertuous pray:
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A well-stor'd room, unless his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to rise my shepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For halefom, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due.
Synè a' behind's our ain;----thus without fear,
With love and routh we through the world will steer:
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rise,
He'll blest the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglet on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peggy. Nae mair of that---Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we:
Nor is the fearly great, when nature kind
Has blest them with solidity of mind.
They'll reason caumly, and with kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile:
Sae, whensoe'er they sight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.

18 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
 To keep him cheerfu' and secure his heart.
 At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll have a' things made ready to his will ;
 In winter, when he toils throw wind and rain,
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane :
 And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething pot's be ready to tak aff ;
 Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him with the best we can afford.
 Good humour and white bigonets shall be
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
 And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
 Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tye,
 Than aught in love the like of us can spy,
 See yon twa elms that grows up side by side ;
 Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride ;
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 'Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
 And in their mixture now are fully blest.
 This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
 That in return defends it frae the west.
 Sic as stand single (a state fae lik'd by you !)
 Beneath ilk storm frae every airth maun bow.

Jenny. I've done----I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield,
 Your better sense has fairly won the field,
 With the assistance of a little fae
 Lies dern'd within my breast this mony a day.

S A N G VI. *Tune,* Nanfy's to the green-wood gane.

*I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying :*

For

For a' that we can do or say
'Gainst love nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
That by the heartstrings leads us.

Peggy. Alake poor pris'ner ! Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wie thing take the air :
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as well's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's, or poor Roger's man.

Jenny. Anither time's as good---for see the sun
is right far up, and we're not yet begun
to freath the graith; if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant :
but when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind ;
for this seems true, nae less can be unkind. [Exeunt

ACT II. SCENE. I.

PROLOGUE.

' A snug thack houle, before the door a green ;
' Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
' On this side stands a barn, on that a byar :
' A peet stack joins, and forms a rural square.
' The house is Glaud's, there you may see him lean,
' And to his divet-seat invite his friend.

GLAUD and SYMON.

Glaud. G Ood-morrow, nibour Symon,----come, sit
down,

and gie's your cracks,---What's a' the news in town ?
they tell me ye was in the ither day,
and fald your Crummock, and her bassend quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry ;
ug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Symon. With a' my heart ;---and tent me now, auld
we gather'd news will kittle your mind with joy. [boy,
I cou'dna

20 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Glaud. Fy blaw!--Ah Symmie! rattling chieles ne'er
To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand, [stand
Whilk soon flies round like wild-fire far and near:
But loose your poke, be't true or fause, let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen.
Hab, that abroad has with our Master been,
Our brave good Master, wha rightly wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head,
Because ye ken fou well he bravely chose
To stand his liege's friend with great Montrose.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick: and ane ca'd Monk,
Has plaid the Rump a right flee begunk;
Restor'd king Charles, and ilka thing's in tune;
And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed---but dinna flaw,
Tell o'er your news again! and swear till't a'.
And saw ye Hab! and what did Halbert say?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame,
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Symon. They that hag-rid us 'till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again
And good Sir William tall enjoy his ain.

S A N G VII. *Tune, Cauld Kale in Aberdeen.*

' Cauld be the rebels cast,
' Oppressors bafe and bloody,
' I hope we'll see them at the last
' Strung a' up in a woody.
' Blest be he of worth and sense,
' And ever high in station,
' That bravely stands in the defence
' Of conscience, king and nation.

Glaud.

Glaud. And may he lang, for never did he stent
Us in our thriving with a racket rent;
Nor grumbl'd if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our mailens; when we pat on Sunday's claiiths.

Symon. Nor wad he lang, with senseless faucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare:

Put on your bonnet, Symon---tak a feat--- [Kate?
How's all at hame?—How's Elspa?—How does
How sells black cattle?—What gies woo this year?
And siclike kindly questions wad he speare.

S A N G VIII. *Turne, Mucking of Geordy's byar.*

- ' The laird who in riches and honour
- ' Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
- ' Nor rack the poor tenants who labour
- ' To rise aboon poverty:
- ' Else like the pack-horse that's unfether'd
- ' And burthen'd, will tumble down faint;
- ' Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
- ' And rackers aft times tine their rent.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his buttler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd!—Dear nibour, will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day.
We'll send for Elspith too---and upo' sight,
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height.
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
And bring a draught of ale, baith stout and brown,
And gar our cottars a' man wife and wean,
Drink 'till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Symon. I wadna bank my friend his blyth design,
If that it hadna first of a' been mine:
For here-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat;
A furler of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
And a large ham hangs resting in the nook.

I saw

22 The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

I saw my fell, or I came o'er the loan,
 Our meikle pot, that feeds the whey, put on,
 A mutton-bone to boil;---and aye we'll roast;
 And on the haggies Eliza spares nae cost.
 Sma' are they shorn; and she can mix fou rice
 The gusty ingans with a cum of spice.
 Eat are the puddings,---heads and feet well sung;
 And we've invited neighbours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
 And drink our Master's health and welcome-hame.
 Ye maunna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.
 Bring wi'ye all your family, and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye'r fell, auld-birky, never fear.
 But at your banquet I shall first appear:
 Faith, we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 'Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
 Auld, said I!--Troth, I'm younger be a score,
 With your good news, than what I was before.
 I'll dance or e'en! hey, Madge, come forth d'ye hear?

Enter Madge.

Madge. The man's gain gyte! Dear Symon, welcome!
 What wad ye, Glau, with a' this haste and din? [here
 Ye never let a body fit to spin.

Glaud. Spin! snuff!---Gae break your wheel, and
 burn your tow,
 And set the meiklest peet stack in a low:
 Syne dance about the bane-fire 'till ye die,
 Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Madge. Blyth news indeed!--And wha was't tald
 you o't.

Glaud. What's that to you?---gae get my Sunday'
 Wale out the whitest of my bobit bands, [coat
 My whyt-skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
 Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
 And make ye'r sells as trig, head, feet and waist,

As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gawn o'er to dine with Syn bedeen.

Symon. Do, honest Madge—and, Glau'd, I'll o'er
the gate,

And see that a' be done as I wad hae't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

- ' The open field.—A cottage in a glen.
- ' An auld wife spinning at the sunny end,
- ' At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
- ' With falded arms, and haff-rai'd look ye see.

B A U L D Y his lane.

Bauldy. WHAT's this?—I canna bear't! 'Tis
war than hell,

To be fae burnt with love, yet darena tell!

O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,

Sweeter than gowany glens or new maun hay:

Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows,

Straighter than aught that in the forest grows:

Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines:

The lily in her breast its beauty tines:

Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,

Will be my deid, that will be shortly teen!

For Pate loes her!—waes't me! and she loes Pate;

And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,

Made a daft vow!—O! but ane be a heast,

To make rash aiths, 'till he's afore the priest.

Darena speak my mind, else a' the three,

But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.

'Tis fair to thole—I'll try some witchcraft art,

To brake with ane and win the other's heart.

Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for sma' price,

Can cast her cantrips, and give me advice;

She can o'ercastr the night, and cloud the moon,

And make the deils obedient to her crune,

At

24 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
 And howks uncristen'd weans out of their graves;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
 Rins wither-shines about the hemlock low;
 And seven times does her prayers backwards pray,
 'Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
 Mixt with the venom of black tairs and snakes.
 Of this unsonfy pictures aft she makes
 Of any ane she hates;— and gars expire
 With slaw and racking pains afore a fire,
 Stuck fou of prins; the devilish pictures melt,
 The pain by fowk they represent is felt.
 And yonder's Maufe: Ay, ay, she kens fou weel,
 When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.
 She and her cat sit beeking in her yard,
 To speak my errand, faith amaisht I'm fear'd:
 But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive;
 They gallop fast, that deils and lassies drive.

[Exit

SCENE III.
 PROLOGUE.

' A green kail-yard, a little fount,
 ' Where water poplin springs,
 ' There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
 ' And yet the spins and sings.

SANG IX. *Tune*, Carle and the King come.

MAUSE. ' PEGGY, now the king's come,
 ' Peggy, now the king's come,
 ' Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
 ' Peggy, since the king's come:
 ' Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
 ' But change thy plaiding coat for silk,
 ' And be a lady of that ilk,
 ' Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

Enter Bauldy.

Bauldy. How does auld honest lucky of the glen?
 Ye look baith hale and feir at threelcore ten.

Mause

Maufe. E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate fae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead,—to thresh, nae corn?

Bauldy. Enough of baith---But something that requires
Your helping hand, employs now all my cares.

Maufe. My helping hand, alake! what can I do
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Bauldy. Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

Maufe. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possessit,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Bauldy. The word that gangs, how ye're fae wise and
Ye'll may be tak it ill if I shou'd tell. [fell

Maufe. What fowk says of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naething up, ye naething have to fear.

Bauldy. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
[Exit That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw.

When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn,
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn,
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirk'd and there nae butter came;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane;
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
And tint himsel amaisit amang the snaw;
When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat with fright,
When he brought east the Howdy under night:
When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green,
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen;
You Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
And ilka ane here dreads ye round about;
And fae they may that mint to do ye skaith;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
But when I heist make groats, I'll strive to please
You with a furlet of them mixt with peace.

Maufe. I thank ye, lad--now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

C

*Bauldy.**Maufe.*

26 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

Bauldy. Then I like Peggy---Neps is fond of me---
Peggy likes Pate;---and Patie's bauld and flee,
And loes sweet Meg---But Neps I downa see ---
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps and then
Peggy's to me,---Pd be the happiest man.

Mause I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right.
Sae gang your ways and come again at night;
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth all your pease and groats, take ye nae care.

Bauldy. Well, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can find,
But if ye raise the Deil, he'll raise the wind;
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the night sae mink, I'll tinc the gate.
We're a' to rant at Symie's at a feast,
O will ye come like badrans for a jest;
And there ye can our different 'haviours spy;
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Mause. 'Tis like I may---but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Bauldy. If I aught of your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[Exit. Bauldy]

M A U S E her iane.

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and cild,
Weeds out of fashon, and a lanely beild,
With a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
Gi'e ane the hatefu' name, A wrinkled witch.
This fool imagines, as mony do sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact with Auld Nick,
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought.
Their gross-mistake shall quickly now appear,
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Nane kens but me;---and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them all sing dumb.

[Exit. A C T

A Pastoral Comedy.

27

ACT. II. SCENE IV.
PROLOGUE.

- ' Behind a tree upon the plain,
- ' Patie and his Peggy meet,
- ' In love without a vicious stain,
- ' The bonny lais and cheerfu' swain
- ' Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

PEGGY. **O** PATIE, let me gang, I mauna stay;
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny
she's away.

Patie. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's away with Jenny gane;
They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean:

Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How fast the westlin winds sough through the reeds!

Peggy. The scented meadows---birds---and healthy
For ought I ken, may mair than Peggy please. [breeze.]

Patie. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind.

Gif I could fancy ought's sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.

Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,

Thy cheeks and breast the finest flow'rs appear:

Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,

That warble through the merle or mavis' throats:

With thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,

Or ripest berries that our mountains yield:

The sweetest fruits, that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

Peggy. But Patrick for some wicked end may fleechy
and lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.

darena stay,----ye joker let me gang,

anither lais may gar ye change your sang,

our thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

C 2

Patie

28 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

Patie. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap:
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gait to climb---the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our love. I swear by all aboon.

Peggy. Then keep your aith---But mony lads will
And be mansworn to twa in half a year: [fwear,
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if anither lass your heart shou'd steal;
Your Meg, forefaken, bootless might relate
How she was daunted anes by faithless Pate.

Patie. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young I've lov'd you mony a year:
I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tansy-know and rashy strand;
Thou smiling by my side---I took delight
To pou the rashies green with roots sae white,
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

Peggy. When first thou gade with shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at ev'n I met with thee.

Patie. When corns grew yellow, and the hether bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er, troubled me
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peggy. When thou didst wrestle, run, or put the stane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain:
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or put with thee.

Patie. Jenny sings fast the *Broom of Cowdon-Knows*,
And Rosie lilt the *Milking of the ewes*:
There's nane, like *Nansie*, *Jenny Nettles* sings:
At turns in *Maggy Lawder*, *Marion* dings:
But when my *Peggy* sings with sweeter skill

The Boatman, or the *Lass of Paties Mill*,
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me ;
Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can lasses trow what they desire,
And roos'd, by them we love, blows up the fire :
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try ;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

S A N G X. *Tune,* The yellow-hair'd ladie,
P E G G Y.

' When first my dear ladie gade to the green hill,
' And I at ew milking first sey'd my young skill,
' To bear the milk bowie, no pain was to me,
' When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

P A T I E,

' When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blew hether bells
' Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
' Nae birns, briers, nor brekens, gave trouble to me,
' If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

P E G G Y.

' When thou ran, or wrestled, or putt'd the stane,
' And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain :
' Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me ;
' For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

P A T I E.

' Our Jenny sings fastly the *Cowdon broom-knows*,
' And Rosie liltis sweetly the *Milking the ewes* ;
' There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nanfy can sing,
' At *Throw the wood laddie*, *Bess* gars our lugs ring :
' But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
' The *Boatman*, *Tweed side*, or the *Lass of the Mill*,
' 'Tis many times sweeter and pleasant to me ;
' For tho' they sing nicely they cannot like thee.

C. 3

P E G G Y.

30 The GENTLE SHEPHERD

PEGGY.

- ‘ How easy can lasses trow what they desire ?
- ‘ And praises sae kindly increases love’s fire :
- ‘ Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
- ‘ To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

Pattie. Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave,
At naught they’ll ferly, — senseless tales believe,
Be blyth for silly hechts, for trifles grieve---
Sic ne’er cou’d win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true ?
But thou in better sense, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a’.
Continue kind, and a’ my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peggy. Agreed ;--- but hearken, yon’s auld aunty’s cry,
I ken they’ll wonder what can make us stay.

Pattie. And let them ferly,---now a kindly kiss,
Or five score good anes wad not be a miss ;
And syne well sing the sang with tunefu’ glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your hire---

Pattie. Well, I agree.

SANG XI.

PATIE [sings.]

- ‘ By the delicious warmth of thy mouth ;
- ‘ And rowing eyes that smiling tells the truth,
- ‘ I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
- ‘ You’re made for love, and why should ye deny ?

PEGGY [sings.]

- ‘ But ken ye, lad, gif we confess o’er soon,
- ‘ Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing’s done :
- ‘ The maiden that o’er quickly tines her pow’r,
- ‘ Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE

PATIE [sings.]

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetnesss they may tine, and sae may ye :
Red-checked ye compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half-year.

PEGGY [*sing's falls into Patie's arms.*]

Then dinna pou me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a' :
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther, till we've got the grace,

PATIE [*with his left hand about her waist.*]

O charming armfu' ! hence ye cares away,
Ill kiis my treasure a' the live lang day ;
All night I'll dream my kiises o'er again,
'Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

- ' Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
- ' Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise ;
- ' O lash your steeds, post time away,
- ' And haste about our bridal-day ;
- ' And if you're weary'd honest light,
- ' Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

The end of the second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lyme,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleech'd with time :
Ane elwand fills his hand, his habit mean,
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been :
But whist! it is the knight in masquerade,
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves
Throw his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.

Sir

32 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.*Sir WILLIAM solus.*

THE Gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
 I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes.
 With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
 Which once I lost--which now are mine again.
 Yet, 'midst my joys, some prospects pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
 Yonder ! ah me, it desolately stands,
 Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands ;
 The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
 The naked walls of tap'try all bereft.
 My stables and pavilions, broken walls !
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls :
 My gardens once adorn'd the most compleat,
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet ;
 Where round the figur'd green and pebble-walks,
 The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks :
 But overgrown with nettles, docks and brier,
 No Jaccacincths or Eglantines appear.
 How doth these ample walls to ruin yield,
 Where peach and nest'rine branches found a beild,
 And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use ;
 All round in gaps, the most in rubbish ly,
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
 These soon shall be repair'd ; — and now my joy
 Forbids all grief — when I'm to see my **BOY**,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since heaven too soon call'd home his mother fair :
 Him, e'er the rays of reason clear'd his thought.
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
 'Till we shou'd see what changing times brought forth.
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
 After his fleecy charge serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.

Th

Thrice happy life ! that's from ambition free,
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
 Quiet contented mortal spends his time
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

S A N G XII. *Tune, Happy Clown.*

- ' Hid from himself, now by the dawn
- ' He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
- ' And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
 ' After his bleeting flocks.
- ' Healthful, and innocently gay,
- ' He chants and whistles out the day ;
- ' Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 ' Like courtly weatherecks.
- ' Life happy from ambition free,
- ' Envy and vile hypocrisie,
- ' When truth and love with joy agree,
 ' Un sullied with a crime :
- ' Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
- ' In propping of their pride and state,
- ' He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 ' Contented spends his time.

Now tow'ards good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
 And see what makes yon gamboling to-day ;
 All on the green in a fair wanton ring,
 My youthful tenants gaylie dance and sing. [*Ex. Sir Will.*]

A C T. III. S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

- ' 'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
- ' And vissy't round and round,
- ' There's nought superfl'ous to give pain,
 ' Or costly to be found.
- ' Yet all is clean : A clear peat ingle
 ' Glances amidst the floor ;
- ' The green horn spoons, beech-luggies mingle
 On skelfs foregainst the door.

While

Th

34 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

' While the young brood sport on the green,
' The auld anes think it best,
' With the brown cow to clear their eerr,
' Snuff, crack, and take their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Glaud. **W**E anes were young our fells—I like to see
The bairns bob round with other merry

Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bade;
Amang our lads he bears the gree awa':
And tells his tale the cleve'st of them a'.

Elspa. Poor man!—he's a great comfort to us baith
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.
He is a bairn, I'll say't; well worth our care,
That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mistane,
He seems to be with Peggy's beauty tane,
And troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye will ken; a bonnier needna be,
Nor better——be't she were nae kin to me.

Symon. Ha, Glaud; I doubt that ne'er will be a mate
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the mools my fell.

Glaud. What reason can ye have? There's nane I
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor: [fur
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind;
Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs, at spaining-time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Symon. Or this day eight-days likely he shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

Glaud

en,

Glaud. Well, nae mair o't; — come, gi's the other
 We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end. [bend,
[Their healths gae round.]

A.

e to see

merryl

Symon. But will ye tell me, *Glaud*? — By some 'tis said,
 Our niece is but a *fundling*, that was laid
 Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in May,
 Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clattering *Mudge*, my titty, tells sic flaws,
 Hene'er our *Meg* her cankart humour gaws.

Enter Jenny.

is baith

1.

Jenny. O father, there's an auld man on the green,
 He fellest fortune teller e'er was seen:
 He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
 Turns o'er the leaves, and gi'es our brows a look:
 He tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard;
 His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,
 He shall gang hungry by my house to-day

[Exit Jenny.]

a mate

at for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,
 He kens nae mair of that than my gray mare.

Glaud. Spae-men! the truth of a' their saws I doubt,
 Or greater liars never ran thereout.

Return's Jenny bringing in Sir Will. with them Patie.

hane I

[fun

Symon. Ye're welcome, honest carle—here, tak a seat.

Sir Will. I give ye thanks, goodman, I'll no be blate.

Glaud [drinks.] Come, t'ye, friend—How far came ye
 the day?

Sir Will. I pledge ye, nibour, e'en but little way:
 Ousted with eild, a wie piece gae seems lang,
 Awa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to stay all night with me,
 And tak sic bed and board as we can gi'e.

peer

arn,

Glaud

Sir Will. That's kind unsought:—Well, gin ye have a
 That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn, [bairn
 I shall employ the farthest of my skill
 To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon.

36 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

Symon. [*pointing to patie.*] Only that lad—alack
have nae mae,

Either to make me joyful now or wae.

Sir Will. Young man, let's see your hand—what
ye sner?

Patie. Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir Will. Ye cut before the point—But billy, bide,
I'll wager there's a mouse mark on your side.

Elspa. Betooch-us-to! and well I wat that's true;
Awa, awa, the deil's o'er girt wi' you:
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

Sir Will. I tell ye mair, if this young lad be spair
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird. [no]

Elspa. A laird!—Hear ye goodman—what think ye?

Symon. Idinna ken! Strange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth;
Come, turn the timber to laird Patie's health.

[*Patie's health gaes round.*]

Patie. A laird of twa good whistles and a kent,
Twa curs my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is all my great estate—and like to be;
Sae cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Symon. Whisht, Patie—let the man look o'er you
Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land. [E]

[*Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then
terseits falling into a trance, while they ended
to lay him right.*]

Elspa. Preserve's!—the man's a warlock, or poss
With some nae good, or second-sight at least:
Where is he now?—

Gauld.-----He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elspa. These second-sighted fowks, his peace be h
See things far aft, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb---wow! can he tell
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himsel)

How soon we'll see Sir William? Wist he heaves,
and speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

Symon. He'll soon grow better---*Elspa,* haste-ye, gae
and fill him up a tafs of *Usquebae*.

Sir Will. [*starts up and speaks.*]

- ' A Knight that for a LYON fought
- ' Against a herd of bears,
- ' Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
- ' In which some thousands shares :
- ' But now again the LYON rares,
- ' And joy spreads o'er the plain,
- ' The LYON has defeat the bears,
- ' The Knight returns again.
- ' That Knight in a few days shall bring
- ' A shephérð frae the fauld ;
- ' And shall present him to his King,
- ' A subject true and bauld :
- ' He Mr. Patrick shall be call'd-----
- ' All you that hear me now
- ' May well believe what I have tald,
- ' For it shall happen true.

Symon. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and weel ;
at, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deil,
to tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep ;

do you get them tald you in your sleep?

Sir Will. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,
or come I to redd fortunes for reward :

at I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,

that all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Symon. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men !

they're here that ken, and here that disna ken :

the wimpl'd meaning of your unco' tale,

whilk soon will mak a noise o'er muir and dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,

and takes't for gospel what the spae-man gives,

flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate :

at what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

D

Sir Will.

38 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD. 4

Sir Will. Whisht, doubtfu' carle, for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Well, be't sae, friend, I shall say naithing mair
But I've twa sonsy lasses young and fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wish you cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them might prove joy to me.

Sir Will. Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift
Till darknes black the bent;
I have but anes a day that gift,
Sae rest a while content.

Symon. Elipa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir Will. Delay a while your hospitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this ev'ning calm and fair
Around yon ruin'd tower to fetch a walk;
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Symon. Soon as you please, I'll answer your desire---
And, *Glaud*, you'll take your pipe beside the fire;
We'll but gae round the place and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our pint and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a while, and see the young anes play;
My hearts still light, albeit my locks be gray. [*Exeunt*]

ACT III. SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

' JENNY pretends an errand hame,
' Young ROGER draps the rest,
' To whisper out his melting flame,
' And thow his lassie's breast.
' Behind a bush, well hid frae sight, they meet:
' See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.
' Poor Shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

Roger. DEAR Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let
And yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

Jenny. And what would Roger say, if he could speak
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek? *Rog*

Roger. Yes, ye my guess right eith for what I green,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een;
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn;
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith ev'n and morn.
Ah! could I loe you less, I'd happy be;
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me,

Jenny. And whakens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.

Roger. Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail.
Whene'er I mint to tell you out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may ly.

Jenny. I loe my father, cousin Meg I love:
But to this day nae man my mind cou'd move:
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;
And frae you all I best had keep me free.

Roger. How lang, dear Jenny--fayna that again,
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free,
Wha kens but ye may rue and pity me?

Jenny. Ye have my pity else, to see ye set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soony forgot.
Wow! but we're bonny, good and ev'r thing!
How sweet we breath, whene'er we kisor sing;
But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
Than we our daffin, and tint power repent:
When prison'd in four waws a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Roger. That only happens, when, for sake of gear,
Ane wales a wife as he would buy a mare:
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of diff'rent tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
Tho' thou should scorn,---still to delyte in thee.

Jenny. What fuggar'd words frae wooers lips can fa'?
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen with shining fair the morning rise,
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies;

40 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD

I've seen the silver springs a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear:
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile.
But soon contentions a' their joy beguile.

Roger. I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
The day unclouded, sink in calmest night.
I've seen the spring rin winpling thro' the plain,
Increase, and join the ocean without stain;
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile,
Rejoice thro' life, and all your fears beguile.

Jenny. Were I but sure yon lang wou'd love maintain
The fewest words my easy heart could gain:
For I main own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company:
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Roger. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!--
This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm all fir'd
With wond'ring love! let's kiss till we be tir'd
Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the fun and stars away,
And ferly at the quick return of day!
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And briss thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

S A N G XIII. Leith-Wynd.

J E N N Y.

Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
' You should nae mair complain;
' The easy maid beset with love,
' Few words will quickly gain:
' For I must own, now since you're free,
' This too-fond heart of mine
' Has long, a black-sole true to thee;
' Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

R O G E R.

' I'm happy now, ah! let my head
' Upon thy breast recline;

- ' The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead ;
- ' Is Jenny than sae kind !
- ' O let me briis thee to my heart,
- ' And round my arms entwine :
- ' Delightfu' thought ; we'll never part.
- ' Come, pres the mouth to mine.

Jenny. With equal joy my easy heart gies way,
To own thy well try'd love has won the day.

Now by these warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to love me when by vows made ane.

Roger. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb ;
There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life.

S A N G XIV. O'er Bogie.

J E N N Y.

- ' Well I agree, ye're sure of me ;
- ' Next to my father gae.
- ' Make him content to give consent,
- ' He'll hardly say you nay :
- ' For you have what he wad be at,
- ' And will commend you well,
- ' Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
- ' When bairns want milk and meal,
- ' Shou'd he deny I carena by,
- ' He'd contradict in vain.
- ' Tho' a my kin had said and sworn,
- ' But thee I will have nane.
- ' Then never range, nor learn to change,
- ' Like these in high degree :
- ' And if ye prove faithful in love,
- ' You'll find nae fault in me.

Roger. My faulds contain twice fifteen farrow now.

As mony newcal in my byres do rowt :

I've pack of woo' I can at Lammas sell,

Shorn frae my bob tail'd bleeters on the fell,

Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,

42 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

With meikle care my thrifty mither made.
 Ilk thing that makes a heartsome house and tight,
 Was still her care, my father's great delight.
 They left me all, which now gives joy to me,
 Because I can give a', my dear, to thee :
 And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
 Nane but my Jenny should the samèn skair.
 My love and all is yours ; now had them fast,
 And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jenny. I'll do my best ;— but see wha comes this way,
 Patie and Meg ;— besides I mauna stay ;
 Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn,
 If we be seen we'll drie a deal of scorn.

Roger. To where the saugh-tree shades the minnin-pool
 I'll frae the hill come down when day grows cool ;
 Keep tryft, and meet me there ; there let us meet,
 To kifs and tell our love—there's nought sae sweet.

A C T III. S C E N E IV.

P R O L O G U E.

- ' This scene presents the *KNIGHT* and *SYM*
- ' Within a gallery of the place,
- ' Where all looks ruinous and grim,
- ' Nor has the baron shewn his face ;
- ' But joking with his shepherd leel,
- ' Aft spears the gate he kens fu' well.

Sir W I L L I A M and S Y M O N.

Sir W I L L I A M.

TO whom belongs this house so much decay'd ?

Symon. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
 To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
 Against the laws of nature did prevail.

Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
 Whilk fills us a with joy now he's come hame,

(*Sir William draps his masking beard,*

Symon transported sees

[*The welcome knight, with fond regard,
 And grasps him round the knees.*]

My master ! my dear master !—do I breathe,
To see him healthy, strong and free frae skaith !
Return'd to chear his wishing tenants's sight,
To bless his SON, my charge, the world's delight !

Sir Will. Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy :
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise ;
Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Symon. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock ;---neist my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty ;---since without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate.

Sir Will. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Lang on their friends---which gi'es their fauls a cast,
That turns then downright beggars at the last.

Symon. Now, well I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true ;
For there's laird Kytie's son, that's loo'd by few ;

His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about fornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners, as of sence and grace ;
Oppressing all as punishment of their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin :
Lies in ilk trader's debt, wha's fae unjust
To his ain fam'ly, as to give him trust.

Sir Will. Such uselefs branches of a common-wealth,
Should be lopt off to give a state mair health.

Unworthy bare reflection—Symon, run.
Per all your observations on my son ;
Parent's fondness easily finds excuse :
But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

Symon. To speak his praise, the langest simmer day
Wad be o'er short,---cou'd I them right display.

A word and deed he can fae well behave,
That out offight he runs before the lave ;

And

And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
 Patrick's made judge, to tell whate cause is best;
 And his decreet stands good;---he'll gar it stand:
 Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand.
 With a firm look, and a commanding way,
 He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

Sir Will. Your tale much plectes;---my good friend
 What learning has he? Can he write and read?

Symon. Baith wonder well; for, troth, I didna spare
 To gie him at the school enough of lair;
 And he delites in books:---he reads and speaks
 With fowks that kens them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir Will. Where gets he books to read?---and of what
 kind?

Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port
 He buys some books of history, fangs or sport:
 Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
 And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.

About ane Shakespear, and a famous Ben,
 He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.
 How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,
 And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
 He kens fu' weel, and gars their verses ring.
 I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase,
 About fine poems, histories and plays.

When I reprov'd him anes,---a book he brings,
 With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings.

Sir Will. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my e
 When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.
 Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
 Above a Lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better, that sae findle look,
 Except on rainy sundays, on a book;
 When we a leaf or twa haff read haff spell,
 'Till a' the rest sleep round, as well's our sell?

Sir Will. Well jested, Symon:---but one question mo
 I'll only ask ye now, and then giye o'er.

ne youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
 ight around young hearts like cooing doves;
 s nae young lassie with inviting mein,
 d rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,
 gag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

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Symon. I fear'd the warst, but ken'd the smallest part,
 ill late I saw him twa three times mair sweet,
 ith Glau'd's fair niece, than I thought right or meet:
 ad my fears; but now have nought to fear,
 ee like yoursell your son will soon appear.
 gentleman, enrich'd with all these charms,
 ay blest the fairest best born ladies arms.
Sir Will. This night must end his unambitious fire,
 hen higher views shall greater thoughts inspire:
 y, Symon, bring him quickly here to me,
 ne but yourself shall our first meeting see;
 nder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
 ey come just at the time I give command.
 aight in my own apparel I'll go dress:
 ow ye the secret may to all confess.

Symon. With how much joy I on this errand flee,
 ere's nane can know, that is not downright me.

[Exit Symon.]

Sir W I L L I A M solus.

When the event of hope successfully appears,
 e happy hour cancels the toil of years.
 thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
 d cares evanish like a morning dream;
 hen wish'd for pleasures rise like morning light,
 he pain that's past enchances the delight.
 hese joys I feel, that words can ill express,
 he'er had known without my late distress.
 But from his rustick business and love,
 must in haste my Patrick soon remove,
 o courts and camps that may his soul improve.
 Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mire,
 Only in little breakings shews is light,
 ill artfu' polishing has made it shine:

Thus

Thus education makes the genius bright.

End of the third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE. I.

PROLOGUE.

' The scene describ'd in former page :

' Glaud's onset.---Enter Maufe and Madge.

Maufe. OUR laird's come hame ! and owns young
That's news indeed ! ————— (his)

Madge. ————— As true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, with a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw.
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his poutch he whirled forth a book :
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naithing ha'e.

Maufe. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coot,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Madge. As fast as flaes skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee tod-lawrie hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In simmer days slides backward in a pool :
In short he did, for Pate, braw things fortell
Without the help of conjuring or spell.
At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pow'd aff his beard to Symon, Symon knew
His welcome master ;---round his knees he gate.
Hang at his coat, and syne for blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for ;---happy lad is he !
Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon ;
And troth 'tis e'en right odd when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell.
Our Meg, poor thing, alake ! has lost her jo,

use. It mae be fae : wha kens? and may be no.
 ft a love that's rootéd, is great pain ;
 kings have tane a queen out of the plain :
 what has been before, may be again. }
edge. Sic nontense ! love tak root, but tocher good,
 en a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood ;
 shions in king Bruce's days might be ;
 can ferlies now we never see.
use. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain ;
 er he comes, and wow but he looks fain ! }
 doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.
edge. He get her ! slaverin doof ; it sets him weil
 oke a plough where Patrick thought to teil ;
 were Meg, I'd let young master see---
use. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he :
 o wad I. But whist, here Bauldy comes.

Enter B A U L D Y [Singing.]

Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't,
 for a fit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher-good ;
 for my tocher-good, I winna marry thee,
 en's ye like, quoth Jocky, ye may let it be.
edge. Weel liltit, Baulday, that's a dainty sang.
Bauldy. I'll gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.
 [sings again
 I hae gowd and gear, I hae land eneugh,
 I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh ;
 ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,
 and gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.
 I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byer,
 peatstack fore the door, we'll make a rantin fire
 I make a rantin fire, and merry fall we be,
 and gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.
 J E N N Y said to J O C K Y, gin ye winna tell,
 I shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell ;
 I'm a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free ;
 I'm welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

48 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

I trow sae,---Lasses will come too at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

Maufe. Well, Bauldy, how gae a'?-----

Bauldy.-----Faith unco right :

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Maufe. And wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask ?

Bauldy. To find out that, is nae difficult task ;

Poor bonny PEGGY, wha maun think nae mair

On Pate, turn'd PATRICK, and Sir WILLIAM's heir.

Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand be,

While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.

I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove ;

Lefs wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

Madge. As Nepe can witness, and the bushy thorn.

Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn :

Fy ! Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard ;

What other lass will trow a mansworn herd ?

The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,

That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate,

Nor will she be advis'd fu' weel I wate.

Bauldy. Sae gray a gate ! mansworn ! and a' the re

Ye leed, auld Roudes---and, in faith, had best

Eat in your words ; else I shall gar ye stand

With a het face afore the haly band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand ? ye sheveling-gabit broc

Speak that again, and, trembling, dread my rock,

And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,

Can flyp the skin o'ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Bauldy. I tak ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say,

That I'm mansworn ;---I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names

And should be serv'd as his good breeding claims.

Ye filthy dog !-----

Flees to his hair like a fury.---A stout battle---

Maufe endeavours to redd them.

Maufe

Maufe. Let gang your grips, fy Madge! howt Bauldy
I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen; (leen,
'Tis fae daft like. - - -

*Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a bleed-
ing nose.*

Madge.-----'Tis dafter like to thole
An either-cap like him to blaw the coal :
It sets him well, with vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young ;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And or they died, their bairns bairns have seen.

Maufe. That's true : and Bauldy ye was far to blame,
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

Bauldy. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the same.

Madge. Auld Roudes! filthy fallow ; I shall auld ye.

Maufe. Howt no!—ye'll e'en be friends with honest
Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands ; this maun nae farther gae ;
Ye maun forgie 'm. I see the lad looks wae.

Bauldy. In troth now, Maufe, I have at Madge nae spite ;
But she abusing first, was a' the wyte
Of what has happen'd : and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon ! gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat ;
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
Till ye learn to perform, as well as swear.
Now, and lowp back !—was e'er the like heard tell ?
With, tak him de'il ; he's o'er lang out of hell.

Bauldy running off.

His presence be about us ! curst were he
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

Exit. Bauldy.

Madge laughing.

I think I've towz'd his harigalds a wee ;

E

He'll

Maufe

He'll no soon grien to tell his love to me.
 He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve
 A lassie fae, he does but ill deserve.

Maufe. Ye towin'd him tightly,—I commend ye for't
 His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport :
 For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
 And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face,
 He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand,
 To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Madge. A witch!—how had ye patience this to bear,
 And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

Maufe. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like mine
 Obliges fowk resentment to decline ;
 Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, than we
 With cunning can the lake of pith supplie.
 Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
 Syne bad him come, and we shou'd gang to wark.
 I'm sure he'll keep his tryft ; and I came here
 To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. And special sport we'll have, as I protest ;
 Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist,
 A linen sheet wond round me like ane dead,
 I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head.
 We'll fleg him fae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
 A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

Maufe. Then let us gae ; for see, 'tis hard on night,
 The westling clouds shines red with setting light.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV. SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

' When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
 ' And the green swaird grows damp with falling dew ;
 ' While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
 ' The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
 ' Walks thro' the broom with Roger ever leel,
 ' To meet, to comfort Meg, and take farewell.

Roger

Rog. **W**Ow ! but I'm cadgie, and my heart loup's light,
O Mr Patrick ! ay your thoughts were right.

Sure gentle fowk are farther seen then we,

That naithing hae to brag of pedigree.

My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,

Is perfect yielding,—sweet,—and nae mair scorn.

I spake my mind—she hear'd.—I spake again,

She smil'd—-I kiss'd—-I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Patie. I'm glad to hear't,---but O ! my change this day
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.

I've found a father, gently kind as brave,

And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.

With looks all kindness, words that love confest ;

He all the father to my soul exprest,

While clos he held me to his manly breast.

Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth

Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth ;

Who set too soon !---And while he praise bestow'd,

Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.

My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,

Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail ;

That speechless lang, my late kend Sire I view'd,

While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.

Unusual transports made my head turn round,

Whilst I myself with rising raptures found,

The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.

But he has heard !—too faithful Symon's fear

Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear :

Which he forbids—Ah ! this confounds my peace,

While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

Roger. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand :

But were't my case, ye'd clear it up aff-hand.

Patie. Duty and hasten reason plead his cause :

But what cares love for reason, rules and laws ?

Still in my heart my shepherdess excels,

And part of my new happiness repels.

52 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

S A N G XV. Kirk wad let me be.

- ' Duty and part of reason
- ' Plead strong on the parent's side,
- ' Which love superior calls treason;
- ' The strongest must be obey'd :
- ' For now, though I'm one of the gentry,
- ' My constancy falshood repells,
- ' For change in my heart has no entry,
- ' Still there my dear Peggy excels.

Rog. Enjoy them baith.—Sir William shall be won
Your Peggy's bonny ;---you're his only son.

Patie. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love ;
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.
I'll wed nane else ; thro' life I will be true :
But still obedience is a parents's due.

Roger. Is not our master and yourself to stay
Amang us here ?---or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,
To London next, and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some years, and learn--to dance,
And twa three other monkey tricks ;---That doon
I come hame strutting in my red heel'd shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that I wat weel
I nac mair need nor carts do a third wheel :
But Peggy dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Roger. *They wha have just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.*---
Good Mr Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Patie. What was my morning thought, at night's the
The poor and rich but differ in the name, (same :
Content's the greatest blis we can procure.

Frae

Frae 'hoon the lift.—Without it kings are poor.

Roger. But an estate like yours, yields braw content,
When we but pike it scantily on the bent :

Fine claiths, fast beds, sweet houses, and red wine,
Good chear, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,
Obeysant servants, honour, wealth, and ease :

Wha's no content with these, are ill to please,

Patie. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss ;
But mony a cloudhings hov'ring o'er their bliss :

The passions rule the roast : --and if they're four,
Like the lean ky, they'll soon the fat devour.

The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side :

The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest with fowk o'erlaid with ease ;

While o'er the muir, the shepherd, with less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and halefome air.

Roger. LORD man, I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.

How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear.

Patie. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill
These best can teach what's real good or ill.

Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

Roger. I'll do't ; and ye shall tell me which to buy ;
Faith I'll hae books, though I should sell my ky :

But nou, let's hear how you're design'd to move,
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Patie. Then here it lies: his will maun be obey'd,
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride :

But I some time this last design maun hide.

Keep you the secret close, and leave me here ;

I sent for Peggy : yonder comes my dear.

Roger. Pleased that ye trust me with the secret, I,

To wyle it frae me, a' the de'il's defy.

[Exit. Roger.]

E 3

PATIE.

Frae

54 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

PATIE solus.

With what a struggle must I now impart
My father's will to her that had's my heart !
I ken she loves, and her fast soul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment——Heav'n, support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.
Her eyes are red !———

Enter Peggy.

——— My Peggy, why in tears !
Smile as you wont, allow nae room for fears :
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peggy. I dare not think sae high : I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can withouten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost ?
Like to be carried by some Rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes to some distant land.

Patie. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains,
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains,
My father has forbid our loves I own :
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate ; come, kiss thy cares away ;
I ken to love, as well as to obey.
Sir William's gen'rous ; leave the task to me,
To mak strict duty and true love agree.

Peggy. Speak on ! speak ever thus, and still my grief
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That with nice air swims round in silk attire ;
Then I, poor me !—with sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate :
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
By the the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest :
Nae mair be envy'd by the tatling gang,

Wh

When Patie kifs'd me, when I danc'd or sang.
 Nae mair alake ; we'll on the meadow play !
 And rin half breathless round the rucks of hay :
 As aft-times I have fled from thee right fain,
 And fawn on purpose that I might be tane.
 Nae mair around the foggy know I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
 But hear my vow, — 'twill help to give me ease ;
 May sudden death, or deadly fair disease,
 And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to ane, but you I be a wife.

S A N G XVI. Woes my heart that we should funder.

- ' Speak on-----speak thus, and still my grief,
 - ' Hold up a heart that's sinking under,
 - ' These fears, that soon will want relief,
 - ' When Pate must from his Peggy funder :
 - ' A gentler face and silk attire,
 - ' A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 - ' Alake, poor me ! will now conspire,
 - ' To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.
 - ' No more the shepherd who excell'd
 - ' The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 - ' Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,
 - ' Ah ! I can die, but never funder.
 - ' Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 - ' Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
 - ' Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd,
 - ' You'll lose your sweets when we're afunder.
 - ' Again, ah ! shall I never creep
 - ' Around the know with silent duty,
 - ' Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 - ' And wonder at thy manly beauty ?
 - ' Hear, heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
 - ' Tho' thou should prove a wand'ring lover,
- Throw.

56 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

‘ Throw life to thee I shall prove true,
 ‘ Nor be a wife to any other.

Patie. Sure heaven approves;—and be assur’d of me,
 I’ll ne’er gang back of what I’ve sworn to thee;
 And time, tho’ time maun interpolate a while,
 And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle;
 Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
 If there’s a fairer, e’er shall fill thy place,
 I’d hate my rising fortune, should it move
 The fair foundation of our faithful love.
 If at my feet were crowns and scepters laid,
 To bribe my soul frae thee, delightful maid;
 For thee I’d soon leave these inferior things
 To sic as have the patience to be kings.
 Wherefore that tear? believe and calm thy mind.

Peggy. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.
 When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
 Made me think life was little worth my care,
 My heart was like to burst; but now I see
 Thy gen’rous thoughts will save thy love for me.
 With patience, then, I’ll wait each wheeling year,
 Hope time away, till thou with joy appear;
 And all the while I’ll study gentler charms,
 To make me fitter for my traveller’s arms:
 I’ll gain on uncle Glaud;—he’s far frae fool,
 And will not grudge to put me thro’ ilk school;
 Where I may manners learn—...

S A N G XVII. Tweed-side.

‘ When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 ‘ My heart it was going to break;
 ‘ My life appear’d worthless my care,
 ‘ But now I will sav’t for thy sake.
 ‘ Where’er my love travels by day,
 ‘ Wherever he lodges by night,

‘ With

- ' With me his dear image shall stay,
 ' And my soul keep him ever in sight.
 ' With patience I'll wait the long year,
 ' And study the gentlest charms;
 ' Hope time away till thou appear,
 ' To lock thee for ay in those arms.
 ' Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 ' No higher degree in this life;
 ' But now I'll endeavour to rise
 ' To a height that's becoming thy wife.
 ' For beauty that's only skin deep,
 ' Must fade like the gowans in May;
 ' But inwardly rooted will keep
 ' For ever without a decay.
 ' Nor age nor the changes of life,
 ' Can quench the fair fire of love.
 ' If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 ' And the husband have sense to approve.

Patie.-----That's wisely said,
 and what he wares that way shall be well paid,
 Tho', without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart:
 Let now, lest in our station, we offend,
 We must learn modes, to innocence unkend;
 Affect a times to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity, to keep up state;
 Laugh, when we're sad; speak, when we've nought to say?
 And, for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae:
 Pay compliments to them we aft have scorn'd;
 Then scandalize them, when their backs are turn'd,

Peggy. If this is gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still;----but I'll be ought with thee.

Patie. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
 With gentry's apes: for still amangst the best,
 Good manners give integrity a bleez,
 When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peggy. Since with nae hazard, and sae small expence

My

58 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD

My lad frae books can gather siccan sense :
Then why, ah ! why should the tempestuous sea,
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me ?
Sir Williams cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, sae great a risque to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve,
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love.
But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peggy. With ev'ry setting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to heav'n, and ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, and on the Suckler Brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to run and play :
And to the Hissel shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
With joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

S A N G XVIII. Bush aboon Traquair.

- ' At setting day and raising morn,
- ' With soul that still shall love thee,
- ' I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
- ' With all that can improve thee.
- ' I'll visit aft the birken-bush,
- ' Where first thou kindly told me
- ' Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
- ' Whilst round thou didst infold me.
- ' To all our haunts I will repair,
- ' To Greenwood-shaw or fountain ;
- ' Or where the summer-day I'd share
- ' With thee, upon yon mountain.
- ' There will I tell the trees and flowers,
- ' From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
- ' By vows your mine : ~~by~~ by love is yours
- ' A heart which cannot wander.

Patie My dear allow me, frae thy temples fair,
 shining ringlet of thy flowing hair;
 which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
 I'll often kiss, and wear about my arm.

Peggy. Were't in my power with better boons to please
 I'd give the best I could with the same ease;

or wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,
 be in ae jot less generous to thee.

Patie. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
 I'll ware't on words, wad border on a crime;
 I'll love's faster meaning better is express'd,
 when 'tis with kisses on the heart impress'd. [Exeunt.

End of the fourth act.

A C T. V.

S C E N E. I.

P R O L O G U E.

air.

See how poor *Bauldy* stares like ane posselt,
 And roars up *Symon* frae his kindly rest:
 Bare-legg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
 See the auld man comes forward to the fot.

noiz. **W**Hat want ye, *Bauldy*, at this early hour,
 While drowsy sleep keeps all beneath its
 r to the North the scant approaching light [pow'r?
 and equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
 That gars ye shake and glour, and look fae wan?
 Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

Bauldy. O len me soon some water, milk, or ale,
 My head's grown giddy, — legs with shaking fail;
 I ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane;
 I wake! I'll never be my fell again.

I ne'er o'erput it! *Symon*! O! *Symon*! O!

[*Symon gives him a drink.*

Patie *Symon*. What ails thee gowk! — to make fae loud ado!
 You've

60 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed ;
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd ; I hear his tread.

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

S. Will. How goes the night ? does day-light yet appear
Symon, you're very timeously afeer.

Symon. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit oppress'd,
He's seen some witch, or wrestled with a ghaist.

Bauldy. O ay,-----dear Sir, in troth its very true,
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir WILLIAM smiling.

I lang to hear't-----

Bauldy.-----Ah ! Sir, the witch caw'd Maufe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night :
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright !
For the curs'd hag, instead of doing me good.
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood !)
Rais'd up a ghaist or de'il, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corpse, in sheet as white as milk :
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death :
Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
And gat me down, while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wout to be at school :
My heart out of its hool was like to loup,
I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope,
Till, with an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite :
Syne I half dead with anger, fear, and spite,
Crape up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to gi'e the de'il his due.
I'm sure my heart shall ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be burnt.

S. Will. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted
Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

Bauldy

Bauldy. Thanks to your honour, soon shall I obey;
But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,
And cast her cantrips that bring up the de'il.

[Exit Bauldy.]

S. Will. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's mair affraid than hurt,
The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
What silly notions croud the clouded mind,
That is thro' want of education blind!

Symon. But does your honour think there's nae sic thing,
As witches raising de'ils up through a ring:
Sne playing tricks? a thousand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir Will. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and loup
O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his doup;
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
At-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a Sow;
Then with his train throw airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride;
Or in the egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
Then aft by night bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
Tumbling down their cupboard, chairs and stools:
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Which whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Symon. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich:
But Maufe, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life;
That gars me think this hobbleshew that's past,
Will land in naething but a joke at last.

Sir Will. I'm sure it will:—but see increasing light,
Commands the imps of darknes down to night:
I raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
But I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG

62 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

S A N G XIX. Bonny grey-ey'd morn,

- ' The bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,
- ' And darknes flies before the rising ray :
- ' The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
- ' To follow healthful labours of the day,
- ' Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow :
- ' The lark and the linner tend his levee,
- ' And he joins concert driving his plow,
- ' From toil of grimace and pageantry free.
- ' While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with lo,
- ' Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
- ' The drunkard and gamester tumble and tofs,
- ' Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
- ' Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
- ' Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
- ' Where neither ambition nor avarice blind
- ' Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

A C T V. S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

- ' While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
- ' With a blue snood Jenny bind up her hair ;
- ' Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,
- ' The rising sun shines mottly thro' the reek.
- ' A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his eeh,
- ' And now and then his joke maun interveen.

Glaud. I Wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
Ye do not use sae soon to see the light.

Nae doubt, ye now intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patriek or he gang :
But do ye think, that now, when he's a laird,
That he poor landward lasses will regard ?

Jenny. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor ;

But yesterday he gae us mony a tug.
And kils'd my cusin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again :
But be advis'd his company refrain :

Before, he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,
With her to live a chaste and frugal life ;
But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake.
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peggy. A rake! what's that?—Sure if it means ought ill
He'll never be't, else I've tint my skill.

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair ;
Ane young, and good, and gentle's unco rare :
A rake's a graceless spark that thinks nae shame,
To do what like of us think sin to name :
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stap,
To brag how often they have had the clap.
They'll tempt young things, like you, with youdlith flush'd,
Syn mak ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I say, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bound wi' sic as he.

Peggy. Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood,
And may not Patrick too, like him be good?

Glaud. That's true ; and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we ;
But thinner sawn : they're sae puft up with pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to heaven---I've heard mysell,
Some of them laugh at doom's-day, sin and hell.

Jenny. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd,
Are him that doubts a doom's-day, doubts a God.

Glaud. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor
Or hope, nor fear ; but curse, debauch, and drink. (think,
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

Peggy. The Lord forbid!--na, he kens better things,
But hear comes aunt, her face some ferly brings.

64 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Enter Madge.

Madge. Haste, haste ye; we're a' sent for o'er the gate
To hear and help to red some odd debate
'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
At Symon's house: the knight sits judge himsell.

Glaud. Lend me my staff---*Madge,* lock the outer door
And bring the lasses wi' ye: I'll step before.

[*Exit Glaud.*]

Madge. Poor Meg! look Jenny, was the like e're seen,
How bier'd and red with greeting look her een?
This day her branken wooer takes his horse;
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword, and glancing headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn ipoos and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that finells-like new won hay:
To leave the green-swaird dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle among the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun with the shepherd stay,
And tak what God will send, in hoddan-gray.

Peggy. Dear aunt, what needs you fash us wi' your scorn
That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green.
Now since he rises, why should I repine!
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine;
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bonny story, trowth!—but we delay:
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. [*Exeunt*]

ACT. V. SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

' Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
' While Symon, Roger, Glaud and Maufe
' Attend, and with loud laughter hear

Da

- ' Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause :
- ' For now 'tis tell'd him that the taz
- ' Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
- ' Because he brak good breeding's laws,
- ' And with his nonsense rais'd their rage.

S. Will. **A**ND was that all ! well, Bauldy, ye was serv'd !
No otherways than what ye well deserv'd.

Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest women's name !
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid,

Bauldy. Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mause. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I kend not that they thought me sic before.

Bauldy. A'nt like your honour, I believ'd it weil ;
But troth, I was e'en doilt to seek the de'il ;
Yet, with your honour's leave tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a flee and a revengefu' b---h,
And that my some-place finds-----but I had best
Hald in my tongue, for yonder comes the ghaist,
And the young bonny witch, whase rosie cheek
Sent me, without my wit, the de'il to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir WILLIAM looking at PEGGY.

Whose daughter's she that wears the Aurora gown,
With face sae fair, and locks a lovely brown ?

How sparkling are her eyes ! what's this ! I find.

[Exit] The girl brings all my sister to my mind.

Such were the featuers once adorn'd a face,

Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace,

Is this your daughter, Glaud ?-----

Glaud.-----Sir, she's my niece,---

And yet she's not :---But I should hald my peace.

66 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

Sir Will. This is a contradiction. What d'ye mean?
She is, and is not! pray thee, Gland explain.

Gland. Because I doubt, if I should make appear
What I have kept a secret thirteen year.

Maufe. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir Will. Speak soon; I'm all impatience-----

Patie-----So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Gland. Then, since my master orders, I obey-----

This bonny fundling, ae clear morn of May,

Cloze by the lee-side of my door I found,

All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,

In infant-weeds of rich and gentle make.

What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?

Wha warse than brutes, could leave expos'd to air

Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,

Sae helpless young! for she appear'd to me,

Only about twa towmands auld to be.

I took her in my arms, the bairnie smil'd,

With sic a look, wad made a savage mild.

I hid the story: She has past sincelyne

As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.

Nor do I rue my care about the wean,

For she's well worth the pains that I have tane.

Ye see she's bonny, I can swear she's good,

And am right sure she's come of gentle blood:

Of whom I kenna. Naithing ken I mair,

Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir Will. This tale seems strange!

Patie. The tale delights mine ear; (appear.

Sir Will. Command your joys, young man, till truth

Maufe. That be my task. Now, Sir, bid all be hush;

Peggy may smile; thou hast no cause to blush.

Long have I wish'd to see this happy day,

That I might safely to the truth give way:

That I may now Sir William Worthy name,

The best and nearest friend that she can claim:

He saw't at first, and with quick eye did trace.

His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir

mean? Sir *Will.* Old woman, do not rave,--prove what you say,
 'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

ar } *Patie.* What reason, Sir, can an old woman have
 To tell a lie, when she's fae near her grave?
 But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
 I every thing looks like a reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

Sir *Will.* Make haste, good woman, and resolve each
 doubt.

Mause goes foreward, leading Peggy to Sir William.

Mause. Sir, view me well: has fifteen years so plow'd
 A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,
 That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
 Who nurs't her mother that now holds my hand?
 Yet stronger proofs I'll give if you demand.

Sir *Will.* Ha! honest nurse, where were my eyes before
 I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;
 Yet, from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,
 Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.

Yes, surely thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail;
 But no more words, till *Mause* relate her tale.

Patie. Good nurse, go on, nae mair's haff fae fine,
 Or can give pleasure like these words of thine.

Mause. Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,
 Her death being threatned by an uncle's wife.
 The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
 How they pursu'd, with avaritious view,
 Her rich estate, of which they're now possess;
 All this to me a confident confest.

heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
 They'd smoor the sarkless orphan in her bed!
 That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
 At mid-night hour, the floor I softly prest,
 And staw the sleeping innocent away;

Sir

With

With whom I travell'd some few miles e'er day ;
 All day I hid me ; when the day was done,
 I kept my journey lighted by the moon,
 Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needful plenty glads your chearful swains ;
 Afraid of being found out, I to secure
 My charge, e'en laid her at the shepherd's door,
 And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
 What'er shou'd happen to her might be by.
 Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon may
 Remember well, how I that very day
 Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

Glaud, with tears of joy happing down his beard.

I well remember't Lord reward your love !
 Lang have I wish'd for this ; for aft I thought,
 Sic knowledge sometime should about be brought.

Patie. 'Tis now a crime to doubt, my joys are full,
 With due obedience to my parent's will.

Sir, with paternal love survey her charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms :
 She's mine by vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
 Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir Will. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care
 Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair :
 Equal with Patrick ; now my greatest aim
 Shall be to aid your joys, and well-match'd flame.
 My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
 With as good will as either would demand.

Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.

Patie. With as much joy this blessing I receive,
 As ane wad life that's sinking in a wave.

Sir William raises them.] I give you both my blessing
 may your love.

Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peggy. My wishes are compleat, my joys arise,
 While I'm haf dizzy with the blest surprise ;

And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much gener'ous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William blefs these happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Patie. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gie?
Th' estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

Glaud. I hope your honour now will take amends
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends.

Sir Will. The base unnatural villian soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below:
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peggy. To me the views of wealth, and an estate
Seem light, when put in ballance with my Pate:
For his sake only I'll ay thankful bow
For such a kindness, *best of men*, to you.

Symon. What double blythness wakens up this day,
I hope now, sir, you'll no soon haste away.
I'll unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?

See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even Bauldy, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Bell, Madge's tawz, and pawky Maufe's plot.

Sir Will. Kindly old man, remain with you this day!
I never from these fields again will stray;
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gardners shall new planting rear:
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Symon. That's the best news I heard this twenty year!
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud. God save the King, and save Sir William lang,
To enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Roger. Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring? [greet'd,
Bauldy. I'm friends with Maufe, with very Madge I'm
Altho'

Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fled;
 I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
 To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live.*

Madge. *Lang may he live*; and Bauldy learn to steek
 Your gab a wee, and thing before ye speak,
 And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
 Else ye may yet some witches fingers ban.
 This day I'll with the youngest of you rant,
 And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
 Of our young lady,——my dear bonny bairn!

Peggy. No other name I'll ever for you learn:
 And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
 For a' thy matchless kinkness done for me?

Mause. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
 Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir Will. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to you,
 And to your heirs I give in endless feu,
 The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
 For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
 Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my house, in calmness, close your days,
 With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The LORD of heaven reward your honour
 Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove. [love

Patie presenting Roger to Sir William.

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
 My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird;
 Glaud's daughter Janet (*Jenny*, think nae shame)
 Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame:
 Lang was he dumb, at last he spak and won,
 And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;
 Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his content,
 That name may wear a face of discontent.

Sir Will. My son's demand is fair. — Glaud, let me crave
 That trusty Roger may your daughter have
 With frank content; and while he does remain
 Upon these fields I make him chamberlin.

Glaud

Glaud. You croud your bounties, Sir; what can we say,
but that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?

Whate'er your honour will's I shall obey.
Roger, my daughter with my blessing take,
and still our master's right your business make.
Pleas'd him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
shall nod with quietness down amang the dead.

Roger. I ne'er was good a speaking a' my days,
nor ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise;
but for my master, father, and my wife,
will employ the cares of all my life.

Sir Will. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find
reward and satisfaction to your mind.

The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;
and oft, when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.
But when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
some happy turn with joy dispels our care.
Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear.

Peggy. When you command, I readiest should obey:
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I hae.

S A N G XX. *Tune,* Corn-riggs are bonny.

- ' My Patie is a lover gay,
- ' His mind is never muddy;
- ' His breath is sweeter than new hay,
- ' His face is fair and ruddy:
- ' His shape is handsome, middle size,
- ' He's comely in his wawking,
- ' The shining of his een surpris'd,
- ' 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.
- ' Last night I met him on a baw,
- ' Where yellow corn was growing,
- ' There mony a kindly word he spak
- ' That set my heart a glowing.
- ' He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
- ' And loo'd me best of ony,

That

72 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

- ' That gars me like to sing fynfyne,
- ' O corn.riggs are bonny.
- ' Let lasses of a silly mind
- ' Refuse what maist they're wanting,
- ' Since we for yielding were design'd,
- ' We chastly should be granting.
- ' Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
- ' And fyne my Cockernony
- ' He's free to touzle air or late,
- ' Where corn.riggs are bonny.

F I N I S.



And loo'd me best of o'ry
 He kind and wot'd he wad be mine
 I thar let my heart a glowing
 There morn a kindly word he spak
 Where y' flow care was growing
 I all night I thought on a bairn
 The heaven to hear him in waking
 The thinking of his coming in
 Here comely in his way coming

HYMN on SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly-pleasing solitude,
Companion of the wise and good;
But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.

A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking HARTFORD's bloom,
As, with her MUSIDORA, she
(Her MUSIDORA fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angel bless thy train,
The Virtues of the sage, and swain;
Plain innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head:
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee sports sweet Liberty;

-G-

And

And rapt *Urania* sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell!

And in thy deep recesses dwell.

Perhaps from *Norwood's* oak-clad hill,

When Meditation has her fill,

I just may cast my careless eyes

Where *London's* spiry turrets rise;

Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,

Then shield me in the woods again.

*The fatal battle of Flowdenhill, fought anno
1514. Tune, Flowers of the Forest.*

I.

I've heard of a lilting at our ewes milkin,

Lasses a-lilting before break of day;

But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning

That our bra Foresters are a' wede away.

II.

At boughts in the morning, nae blyth lads are scorning,

The lasses are lonely, dowie and wae.

Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighing and sabbing,

Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

III.

At e'en at the gloming, nae swankies are roaming

'Mong stacks with the lasses at bogle to play,

But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her dearie,

The Flowers of the Forest that are wede away.

IV.

At har'ft at the shearing, nae younkens are jeering,

The bandlers are runkled, layart and grey.

At a fair or a preaching, nae wooing nae fletching,

Since our bra Foresters are a' wede away.

V.

O dool for the order sent our lads to the border!

The English for anes by guile gat the day;

The Flower of the Forest that ay shone the foremost,

The prime of our land lyes cauld in the clay.

VI.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewes milking,

The women and bairns are dowie and wae,

Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,

Since our bra Foresters are a' wede away.

F L N I S.



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